

The FOOL-KILLER



VOL. IV.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1913.

NO. 2.

When the Dollar Rules the Pulpit and the Devil Rules the Pew.

In this world of frills and fashions,
Where the churches are so fine,
And the trade-mark of religion
Is the classic dollar sign,
There's a rule that never faileth,
And you'll always find it true—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
Then the Devil rules the pew.

There may be a heap of singing,
And an awful sight of prayer,
And the sermon may be answered
With an "Amen!" here and there;
But as sure as Joe's a Dutchman,
Or old Shylock was a Jew,
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
Then the Devil rules the pew.

When the money gets to talking,
And the Master's voice is still,
And the preacher swaps a sermon
For a twenty dollar bill,
That's the time old Mister Satan
Gets the churches in a stew—
When the dollar rules the pulpit,
And the Devil rules the pew.

When religion goes a-begging,
And the Bible is forgot,
And the preacher preaches nothing
Only scientific rot,
Then the faithful old believers,
They are getting mighty few—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
And the Devil rules the pew.

LOP-SIDED HISTORY.

The Fool-Killer has got a crow to pick with the historians, too, hang-take 'em. They have been pretending to write history for several thousand years, and they have made a bloomin' mess of it. The history of the world has been written wrong from the very dawn of history, and the reason of it is that men have such an infernal whee-whawed conception of what constitutes history. Away back yonder in the dim past they somehow got the fool notion lodged in their simlins that the only thing about a nation worth preserving was a record of its wars. That idea found lodgment in the human mind at an age of the world when men were savages and brute force was the only power known. And so when they had nasty wars and butchered each other like hogs, they wrote a history of it, and that was handed down as a history of that people.

That kind of a bloody write-up

suited all right for a people whose only occupation was fighting, but there came a time after awhile when men began to do other things. The victories of peace began to loom up—mental forces began to vie with physical forces for the mastery of the world.

Right then old Bloody-Bones should have been kicked out of the Historian's chair and a new style of history introduced—but was it so? Nay, nay, Pauline. They continued to write of armies and battles and call it history. The victories of peace were ignored. The achievements of civilization, education, science and religion were set at naught, and we only have a blood-curdling picture of the terrible wars.

Examine all the so-called history ever written and you will find ten pages reeking with blood and carnage to every one that is given to happier events. To read history one would get the idea that the world had done nothing but fight, and yet we know that there have been more years of peace than of war.

They tell us that the wars have been necessary. Maybe so. But the war-clouds blew over and a brighter day dawned. Why must we memorize every name and date connected with the wars, and never hear a whisper about what happened during the peaceful years? For the same reason, I suppose, that a man may live a long, useful and happy life here in this country and nobody regards it as a matter worth mentioning; but just let that man break loose and commit some crime and he at once gets his picture and a write-up in the paper. "Only crime is news," says the newspaper man. "Only war is history," says the historian. But I say they are both infernal liars. The good things that have happened would make more pleasant reading, and why don't they give us a few chapters along those lines? Pure downright cussedness is all the reason they don't.

Just wait till I get my history of the world written and you'll have something fit to read. Just wait.

If you could fasten a crank to a tobacco-chewer's jaw you could get motive power enough to turn a grindstone.

A Boston savant announces that he can photograph thought. Goody! Now I'll bet we can find out what a trust thinks when a Democratic Congress gets to twisting its tail.

A Sermon on Morgan.

On various and sundry occasions The Fool-Killer has had something to say about J. Pierpont Morgan. And to the best of my knowledge and recollection I have never said anything very good about the old fellow.

To-night, if possible, I would temper justice with mercy and at least speak kindly of the dead.

Whatever crimes Morgan may have committed in the name of high finance, he will never commit another in this world. The Grim Reaper has entered the Morgan palace and the master of millions has cashed in his last check.

As Mark Antony remarked at the grave of Caesar—

"But yesterday the word of Morgan might
Have stood against the world; now
lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."

Ah, talk to me about dying poor: How many of the rich men of the past can you point out that didn't die poor? Isn't it a fact that they all get pretty humble right in the wind-up of life's little game?

How much good is all of Morgan's wealth doing him now? Ain't he just as poor as I am, and maybe a right smart poorer? Seeing, then, how it all comes to naught, ain't it strange that men will be such fools over a little money?

But it was money that gave Morgan his power, and though the man is dead the power remains. For men may come and men may go, but money is the hot truck all the time.

They will bury Morgan, and one by one we will forget that he ever lived. But the times and conditions that produced him will produce others like him, and the heel of the oppressor will continue to grind the necks of the poor. So perfectly is the system organized that even the death of Morgan, the great Napoleon of finance, created not so much as a ripple on the sea of "big business."

Our fathers lived in a world of men. We live today in a world of systems. And the system that can control the most dirty dollars is going to be the ruling power of this money-mad age.

Hello, Mister One-Gallus Feller, don't you wish your name was Morgan? How would you like to have old J. P.'s present job?

A Sermon on Love.

TEXT:—"In the spring the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of Sally Ann."

Yes, children, that's what Tennyson says, and I reckon Tennyson knows what he is talking about.

I looked out toward the east this morning and saw Spring coming over the hill with a rose in her hair and a smile on her face that would melt a polar iceberg.

And that reminded me that if I had anything to say to the tender-hearted lads and lassies I had better say it now—better take the young things by the hand in a fatherly sort of way and give them some advice before it is too late.

Spring, with all her far-famed loveliness and beauty, is a dangerous proposition. She is the queen of all the sirens and the mammy of broken hearts. Her smile is a snare and a delusion, and danger lurks in her song. When the fatal virus of Spring gets to galloping around in a young fellow's blood—better look out! There is going to be the devil to pay pretty soon. Ten times out of nine the stuff will settle around the fellow's heart, and cause him to act worse than a love-sick gander at a poultry show. Especially is this the case if there happens to be a pretty girl somewhere in sight.

Here is a reliable formula for making a love-sick fool: Take two parts gentle spring, one part gosling boy and one part pretty girl; mix, and set out in the moon-light. That's all. It will make one fool certain, and often makes two.

But I wouldn't advise you young 'uns to try the experiment. It's dangerous. Love-sickness is a terrible disease, but there are three cures for it—time, death and matrimony. Take your choice. If you can't get your choice, take something else. One thing is as good as another, and a blamed sight better.

Love is sorter like the itch—more folks have it than are willing to own up to it. But if you have never swallowed the love-germ and felt its toenails digging holes in your gizzard, you'd better not want it.

And this is the time of year, my dear goslings, that you want to be careful. Spring-time is already on us with both feet, and if you don't want to get that awful disease called Love, you had better shut your eyes, plug up your ears, and hold your heart with both hands.